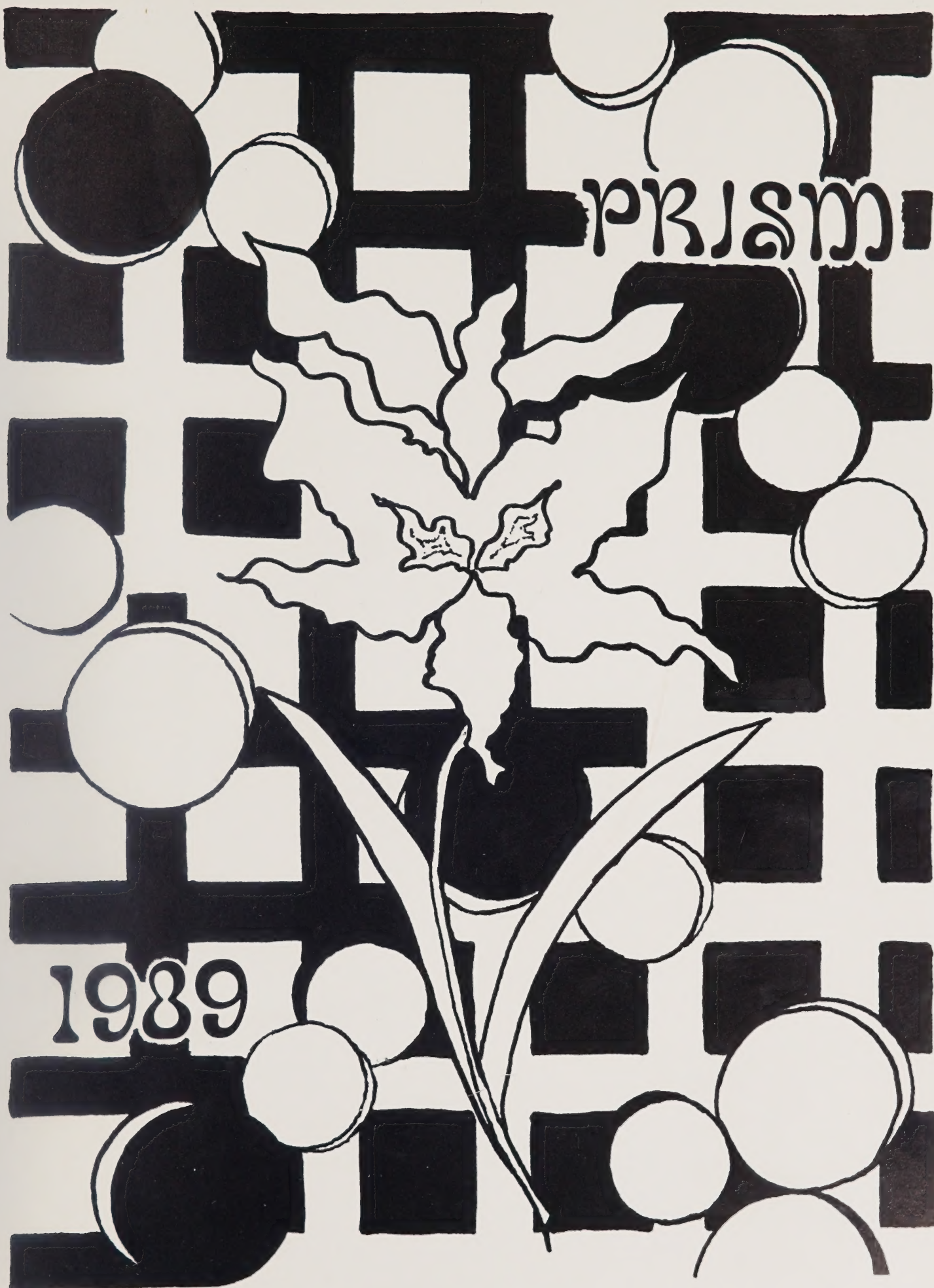


PRISM

1989





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I persisted. Since she heard me. I started back in the direction take out the money serious. I took

Once we were c the van and made my w me he laid the cardb both smiled. He sa ease the tension. his wrinkles mad I promptly p hand. Inste it. I stepp starting to wanted, an his face; money?

I sa the m care when th

THERE'S NO NEED TO COMPETE

IS

art

A

INTRODUCING

THE
1989
Prism

Invasion of the smile

?

One

Girl's

Nightmare

PRISM

olina

1989 WINNERS

CELESTE PENNY POETRY

AWARDS

First Place
- Carolyn Washer
Second Place
- Carolyn Shankle
Third Place
- Sonja Eubanks &
Gina Tozzi

ELIZABETH TAYLOR GIBSON PROSE

AWARDS

First Place
- Katherine Berryman
Second Place
- Cheryl Everette
Third Place
- Karen Rives

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Susanna Jarvis	Carolyn Shankle
Tracey Tayloe	Meredith Swing
Anna Cruze	Carolina Murdock
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Harry Clifton at the town of Pescina in Abruzzo, Central Italy

EXILES

*In our own city, we are exiles -
Strangers, through the closed windows
Of taxis, staring
At the selves we never became.*

*How they crowd there, the known faces
At the intersections. For them, too, the lights change
Like an illusion of freedom
As they disappear out of our lives.*

*Today Dublin, tomorrow Paris or Rome -
And the blur of the cities
Is one city simultaneous,
Eternal, from which we are exiled forever.*

*And I say to you 'Let us make a home
In ourselves, in each other...' as if streets
Or the statues of public men
Or all the doors we will never darken again.*

*Are a vanished counterworld
To love, that throws us together
In the back seat of our own destiny
Where one dreams, and the other gives directions.*

by Harry Clifton

F I R E F L Y

*It was zigzagging along
In the dusk, when I snatched it*

*Out of its path of flight
Like the hand of God*

*Delaying it, temporarily,
Between the why and the wherefore*

*Of my cupped palms,
That glowed like a votive lamp*

*Pulsating yellow, so I knew
It was alive in there*

*In the attitude of prayer
I carried ahead of me*

*On the latening road - a principle,
A mustard seed of light*

*That belonged in the dance of atoms
Around me, energies*

*The dark released
And I, too, had a hand in.*

by Harry Clifton



*Photo by Dierdre Madden
Tree growing in the stony soil of Abruzzo, Italy*

SO MANY WORDS UNSAID

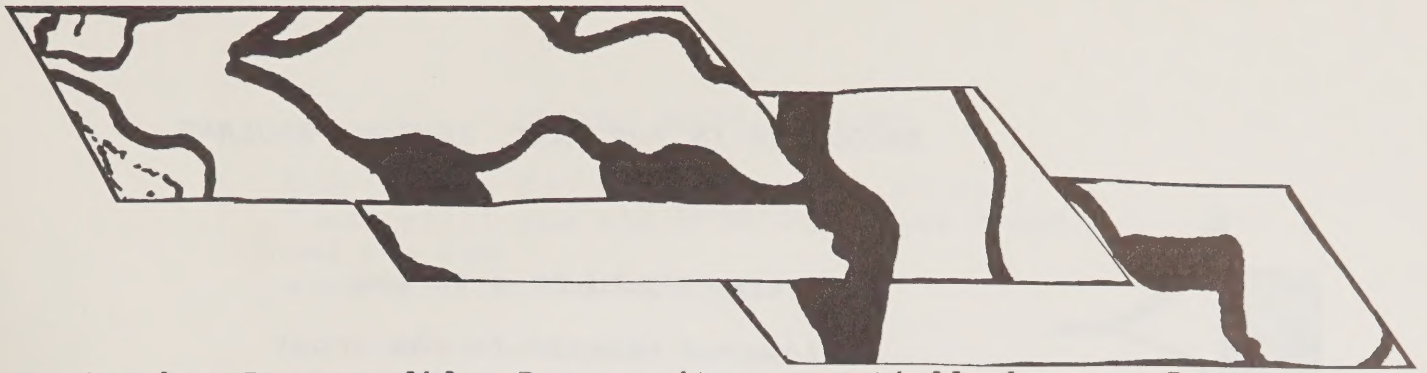
Every afternoon at three thirty, I would meet Brenda down at the track, and we would begin our workout for the day. Both of us ran in the same events, so we established a partnership of running together and pushed each other to run harder. We covered the daily mileage around the track and up to Lake Avenue and back together, running side by side. We were alike in the fact that we both loved to run, but hated the jitters that welled deep inside on meet days. In attempt to conquer this nervous feeling, we would sit together on the bus and laugh and chatter on the way to out of town meets.

My running times got increasingly better and by the middle of the season I was reaching my peak. I noticed, however, that as the days went by the workouts took us longer to complete. I could tell that Brenda was hurting. The pain on her face was obvious to me, so I tried my best not to push her. After the practices she would quickly disappear into the locker room, get her things together, and leave for home without a word. Then one day Brenda did not show up for practice. I didn't think much of it at the time, I simply assumed she was home, sick for the day. It was not until the next afternoon I that began to worry. Brenda had not shown up for practice once again, and it was rare for her to miss two days in a row. I asked Coach Tyre about it, and he said that Brenda had become ill. He would not elaborate any more on the subject, and I was left standing there without a clue.

A few days later, I saw Coach Tyre in the hall after school. As we walked down the hall together, he told me about Brenda. I was shocked to hear the words that came from his mouth. It was on that afternoon that I found out that Brenda had cancer. The disease that had initiated itself in her skin had now spread into the other parts of her body. Coach told me that she had been sick all week and would probably not be getting better any time soon. He said that she would have to go in for radiation treatments and would not be able to complete the track season. I don't think the seriousness of the situation really hit me. At the time, I just assumed that she would get better.

By the last few weeks of the season I had grown accustomed to running by myself. Brenda had come down to the track to watch us run in one of our last meets. Before my event I walked over to talk to her and ask how she was feeling. She was very vague in her reply and did not offer much conversation. Before I could talk to her at length, my event was called, and I had to swiftly move to the line for the start of the race.

The days flew by, track season ended, and before I knew it, the school year had come to a close. I was so caught up in spring fever and summertime activities that thoughts of Brenda slipped my mind. Every now and then something someone would say or do would remind me of Brenda, and I would wonder how she was doing. One afternoon I called her only to find out that she was up at Duke Hospital having additional treatments and would not be home for several weeks. I kept planning to send her a short



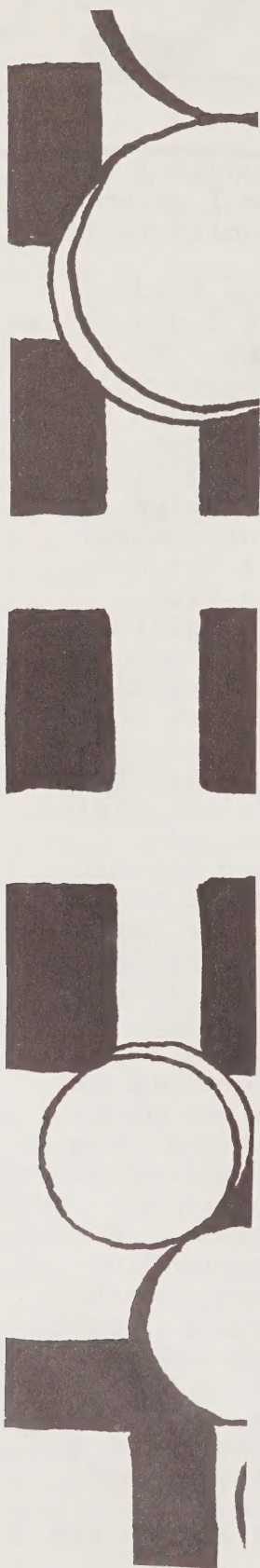
note, but I never did. I guess it was partially because I was not sure what to say; however, it was mainly because I assumed she would be home soon, and I would have the opportunity to talk to her then.

I didn't get around to visiting Brenda until one Friday afternoon in late November. I don't really know why I did not go sooner, but I do know that I'll never forget that day. My friend Eileen and I rode over to her house together. Slowly we walked up the brick steps and rang the bell. Mrs. Jenski, Brenda's mother, answered the door and led us into the living room. She told us that it would be a few minutes before she could bring Brenda into the room. We agreed to wait and a few minutes later Mrs. Jenski rolled a pale, fragile young girl in a wheelchair into the room. The figure that sat in the chair did not even look like Brenda. Her hair was loosely tied up in a blue bandanna. It had thinned out considerably and the beautiful fiery redness had faded away. Her pink complexion had now turned an ashen tone, and her blue-green eyes that had once sparkled with happiness now sagged sleepily. Her face had become hollow with the loss of weight, and protruding cysts distorted her once well-defined facial features. Her speech was slurred and barely understandable. Brenda just sat there limp and lifeless trying her best to communicate with us. Although her physical appearance had changed, the "old" Brenda still shined through. I could tell through her mumbled words that my friend who was once so vibrant and full of life was buried deep down within that lifeless shell. It was almost impossible for us to carry on a conversation with Brenda without her falling asleep or moaning uncomfortably. I was unsure of how I was supposed to feel; I did not know what to say or do. We only stayed for a short while, and after we left I could do nothing but sit in my car and cry.

Monday morning I arrived in homeroom just long enough to hear an announcement for all members of the girl's track team to report to Coach Tyre's room as soon as possible. I walked across the breezeway toward coach's room, wandering the entire way there what he had called the meeting for-my mind drew a blank. When I arrived at his door I saw a few girls from the team standing around talking. Before I could ask what was going on, coach handed me a piece of paper reading, "Early this morning, Brenda Jenski, a member of the 1986-87 Hoggard girl's track team, passed away..." I stood there in disbelief as I continued to read the small scribbled print on the paper and began to cry. Tears streamed down my face as I remembered my partner, the races we had run together, and the stories and nervous giggles we had shared on the long bus rides. It was not until late that afternoon that I realized there was still so much I had to say to Brenda, so many words that would go unsaid.

by Rebecca Ann Cole

ENCOUNTER IN THE PARK, LONDON, ENGLAND



*As a king would to a throne
he lowered himself to the grass
I marveled at his composure
smudged prickly face
layers of tattered clothes
midsummer
a stray dog with
human features
I timidly approached
and dropped my snacks
he neither grabbed nor growled
but almost apologetically
whispered
"Thank You."
Cheerful children romped nearby
not noticing his stench
he peered on complacently
I wondered where he got
the book
resting on his lap
who taught him to read
I think of him mostly
on cold nights.*

by Ashley Butler

SUMMER RECOLLECTIONS

Hearing the Bob White's treble piping,
I can still see the brilliant June roses
and the sun
winking from his lofty perch.

So clearly come the images
of Amanda's Toyota, a twisted
mass of grey metal outlined against
the azure sky.

Merry melodies from the birds as
the grill grins at me like
some demented Cheshire cat.
Standing on the edge of the ditch
my legs prickling from the
high coarse grass,
I behold her miraculously unmarked
figure.

Beside me, grey-clad troopers
study the ghastly collage of tree bark
in her hair
the slow trickle of blood from her mouth,
the glittering shards of glass in the
pine straw around her.

I know that they are pleased as
art critics at the effect.

" Poor dumb kids.

Maybe some day they'll learn. If
they could only see this..."

I see

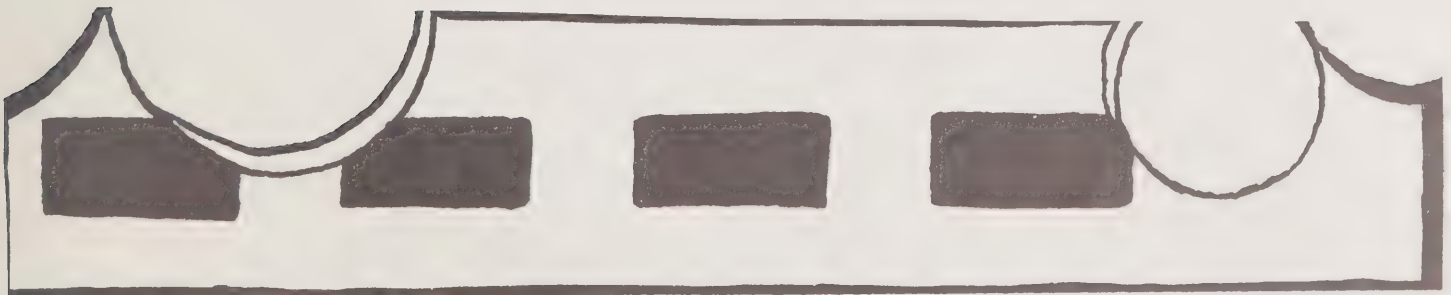
See the mockery of a corpse
taunting me, saying,

" Look, I'm here"

when I know that her body
is only a large still, doll.

How strange that a bird's greeting calls
can only conjure for me
memories of Amanda's catapult
into eternity.

by Cheryl Ellis



t w i n s

many times grandma told each of us
"she is a part of you"
one black and the other blue
and no one knows
which is which

mirrors could not confirm identity,
only action.

and to battle this shuddersome sameness
we attack with silence and with words,
as silver swords which separate
two ever intertwined entities.

for nineteen years
determined to be different
the fight to be free,
continuous

now at harmony with my other half
of the same solid.
not identified as my identical,
but as my confirmed companion.

by Tracey Tayloe



SELF PORTRAIT

by Kelly Sheppard

DADDY'S DILEMMA AND ME

As I pondered over my Algebra, I could feel Daddy's eyes on me. We both sat at the glass table independently. I had an Algebra test tomorrow that I had to do well on. My grades were everything to me--nothing else mattered. My worst problems and my greatest joys were my grades in high school. But, not for long. My life would change from this day forward.

I sensed that Daddy had something to tell me but could not seem to find the right words. I wished he would come right out and say it; he was making me nervous. Suddenly, he took a deep breath and muttered, "Baby, we need to talk about something important." "Not now, Daddy. This Algebra is really giving me trouble," I said. "Honey, I don't think you understand. This is hard for me to say. I need your support," Dad said.

As I looked up at his face, he looked twenty years older. Something was troubling him. His eyes filled with pain. "Daddy," I whispered, "What's wrong? I'm sorry--I didn't realize that it was this serious. What is it?" His chest rose up and down quickly, as if he was struggling for breath. He muttered, "I'm going to ask your mother for a divorce."

My heart sank and suddenly felt heavy. My body went numb and stomach felt queasy. My mouth could not form words; I just sat there staring at my Algebra. At this point, it did seem unimportant. "Aren't you going to say something? Cry, yell at me--say something! I can't tell what you're thinking. Don't you want to know why? Kathy, just speak!"

I could not do anything. I felt as if I should cry or yell, but the tears would not flow and the words would not form. "Are you mad, disappointed, happy, or sad? What is going on inside your head?!" He thrust his body out of his chair and fell on his knees beside me. "I just want to know how you feel about it," he whispered. After a long deafening silence, I managed to force, "Does mom know?" "No, I wanted to tell you first so that I could help you through it. I don't want you to be angry. I think that you will understand in time."

I felt angry, dirty, and cheap inside. I felt sorry for the kids in a divorced family. I did not think it would happen to me. I didn't understand and didn't want to. I just wanted it to go away! "Daddy, I don't understand and please don't explain anything. I just need to be by myself. I am suddenly exhausted." "I understand--but I am here if you need me," he cried.

As I got up to go to my room, I felt as if I was walking on air. The lights grew dim around me and I felt faint. At that moment, I heard mom's keys at the front door. I turned to Dad and said, "Mom's home."

Our lives would change from this day forward. Life, as I knew it, would never be the same. I would not be the carefree child I once was. My throat tightened, as I knew of a happier time and place.

by Katherine Berryman

TO AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ROSEBUD

Sheerest pink of
velvet sheets
thin round a
supple center
core.
Crystal droplets
trickle spritely
ne'r absorbed in
in dainty pore.
Scented by the
spirit Flora
fairy hewn
and goddess blest.
Eden's
garland,
Cupid's love-gift,
Eros' chosen
bed of rest.
Lover's blush
as soft to touch
in iridescent
hue of spring.
Maiden's vow-vine
coily draping
veiled virgin
new as green.
Paled to touching
frail and naked
shield a faint
celestial glow.
Gaze upon
the craft of angels
crowning waxing
moon's halo.

by Laura Barnes



GRAPHIC DESIGN

by Laura Patterson

A POET'S TRIGONOMETRIC NIGHTMARE

*Expand and contract, the graph's still waves
conforms to variables the book gave
for x , for y , for p of t at π ,
for range, domain, for each function define
the asymptote's equation in terms of x ...
If I owned a time machine, I'd hex
Pythagorus and the Egyptians' who
discovered circumfrence and knew
that cosine, secant, tangent, curved lines,
form angles, confusion, these dumb rhymes.*

by Carolyn Shankle



LOVE HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN

*An echo travels from deep within
to a realm of awareness outside.
Some feeling stirs again,
just when abstinence caused some pride.*

*Now the passion is ignited once more,
even while knowledge goads opposition.
Yes, the profound wound becomes a mere sore,
that can heal or reopen with conditions.*

*The never ending yearn to depend,
is in itself an insane plea,
while yet the desire to not depend
is just as urgent, you see.*

*As a tolling bell resounds,
the echo also,
reminding of a previous resonance
that rang too, but did not know.*

*Reflexively the heart is stronger than the mind,
earlier experience becomes oblivious.
The human is an interdependent kind,
the heart always ultimately deciduous.*

by Sonja Eubanks

THE GREEN M & M

I was walking on the sidewalk
In the sunny afternoon
The air was cool, the wind was brisk
It was March, I wish it was last June;

I looked down on the sidewalk
I saw two M+Ms
One was orange, one was green
I stepped on the green one because of him;

I noticed on the sidewalk
What a little mess I'd made
And I thought about how wishes don't come true
And the price I'd had to pay;

I thought of another sidewalk
That you and I had shared
A different season, a different place,
A different boy who cared;

I thought of that green M+M
And what some people say
"Put it in your mouth, make a wish
And it will come true some day";

After I had stepped on it,
I asked if it had something to say,
It replied, "I said nothing to hurt your feelings,
And I wasn't really in your way";

So I asked myself why I'd forsaken it,
In a tone unhappily,
I stepped on that green little M+M
Because you stepped on me.

by Caroline Yount

S P E C T A T O R

*Sitting amongst the filthy doorways,
The stench of the steaming sewer grates,
The squalor of discarded nothings
I stare at speeding legs.*

*A spectator of the race.
I join the onlooking pigeons.*

*Scraps of store receipts swirl in the breeze,
Bags of fast food tumble over the pavement.*

And the legs walk on.

*They march amid the throwaways--
The dirt, the trash, the people.*

*My tattered, grimy woolen coat
Protects me from the chill,
Yet it can never deflect
The glares of those who pass me by.
Some linger long to look at me
Others quickly turn away--
Afraid of me, or of the fact
That I'm not the only one?*

*So they rush by
It doesn't matter.
I know I will survive.
They don't notice me or
The visions that I see.
They are too busy in the race--
I hope they find the finish.*

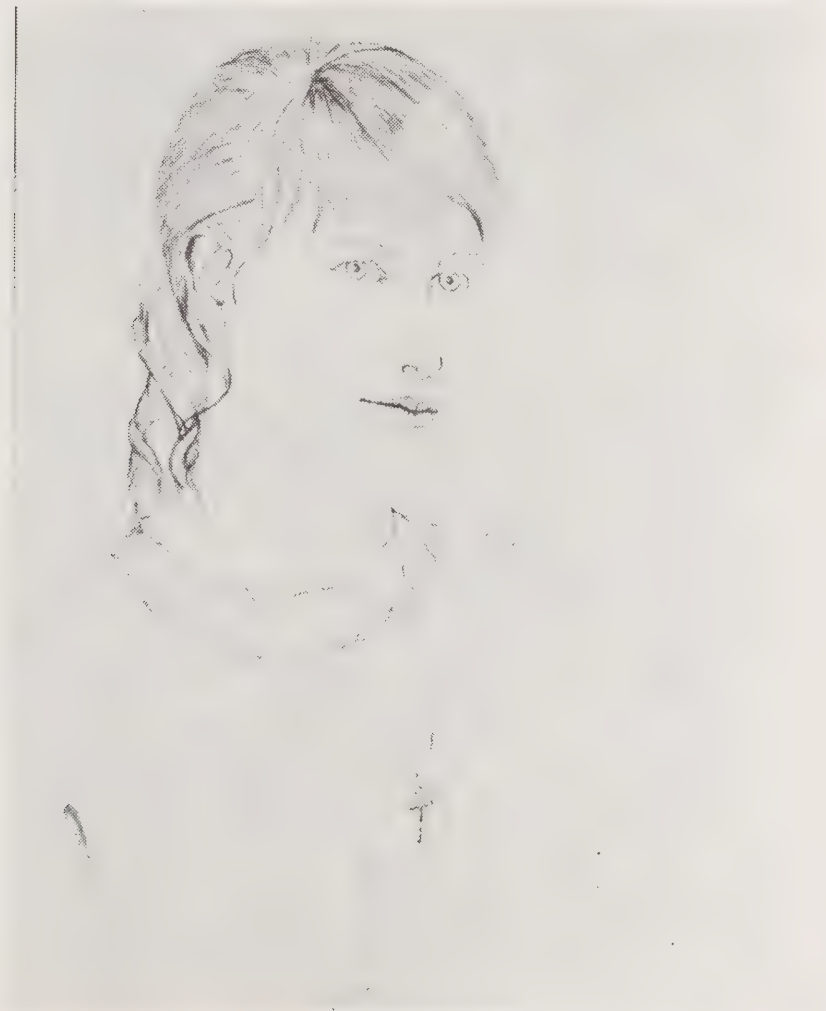
by Carolyn Washer



TO THE MOTHER OF A WORLD WAR II FLYING ACE

We regret to inform you
That your son has died at sea STOP
He braved the icy Atlantic waters
For more than 48 hours STOP
His partner in the terror
Died upon impact STOP
Apparently their rapid loss of altitude
Was due to a defective gauge STOP
When we pulled him from the water
He was barely conscious STOP
His pulse was so weak
We were unable to revive him STOP
The United States Air Force
Sends its deepest sympathies
With this Purple Heart STOP
He was a fine airman
(He was a fine son)
STOP

by Carolyn Washer



SELF PORTRAIT

by Ginger Lancaster

suicide squeeze

with the game approaching the eighth inning,
a glance at the board gives little hope
i wait in the white chalked box beside home plate
for my chance to make a difference.

after receiving some secret signal
the limber figure leans back to begin his motion,
with one smooth move releases
the laced up leather sphere
which slices the air in slow motion

thoughts of strategy sneak by like sliders;
i see a slider in the corner of my eye.
at the same exact moment, the ball hangs
over the plate and the runner leaves third.
i position the aluminim "easton" behind the ball,
bunt from the sweet spot.

as the ball s k i p s across the astro turf
toward the pitcher
my self-assured team-mate slips under the catcher's tag
the team saved from sudden death
by my sacrifice.

by Tracey Tayloe



GENERAL ADMISSION

by Susanna Jarvis

ON THE ROCKS

*While she drinks vodka on the rocks
and he pours bourbon from a flask,
and he reads, frowning, checking stocks
While she avoids the looks he casts,*

*While he sips bourbon mixed with coke
and she plops ice into her glass,
and she attempts to make a joke
While he checks time, sees hours pass,*

*While she gets up and goes to bed
and he will come within the hour
and he remembers roses red
While she smells scents of dying flowers.*

by Ashley Butler



GRAPHIC DESIGN

by Anna Cruze



GRAPHIC DESIGN

by Caroline Murdock

I M P R E S S I O N S

I had been at Peace three days when I saw Megan for the first time. Her appearance resembled that of a rock star. A black half-shirt was the only thing covering the leather bikini top that hugged her well-proportioned chest. A belt with large silver spikes held up faded Levi's that had holes and rips running up and down each leg. Her frosted blond hair was teased and hairsprayed in all different directions, and there was a streak of orange at her neckline caused by the dark make-up she had caked on her light complexion. She wore a large silver ring on each hand, and her chest shined with thick chains to match. Looking at her made the conservative side of my personality feel uncomfortable and uneasy. This intimidating first impression, however, was a deceiving one. During a four hour conversation, I looked beyond the wild image and met a Megan I had not seen before.

I was walking back to my room one Wednesday night after ironing my clothes for the following day when I heard loud, head-banging music coming from the other end of the hall. As I curiously drew closer, the piercing screeches of electric guitars and screaming voices of heavy-metal singers grew louder and louder. I was now standing in an open doorway, and the stale smell of cigarette smoke began filling my nostrils. I poked my head inside the door, only to be surrounded by the eyes of long-haired men as they stared down at me from the walls. As I tried to imagine which group of hellions dressed in leather was playing the song now blasting in my ears, my thoughts were interrupted by sudden silence. That is when I noticed Megan sitting alone on the floor in front of me, her hand on the volume knob of a Sanyo stereo.

"Hey," she said quietly, breaking the uncomfortable silence. I returned her greeting with a nervous "hi" as she put out the cigarette she held in her left hand and pulled herself out of the Indian-style position in which she sat.

"You can come in if you want," she said with a shy yet welcoming smile as she began straightening the already organized clutter on her dresser. This showed me she was nervous, too.

"Oh," I muttered, fishing beyond my jumbled thoughts for an excuse to leave. "I was just ironing and thought I'd come and say hey."

"Well, hey," she smiled, and looking up from the now perfectly arranged clutter, she began to laugh. That was when I decided to stay.

Facing one another on her golden silk sheets, Megan and I talked for hours. At first, the exciting, adventurous stories she told me seemed unreal. But my suspicions faded as she described her experiences in such vivid detail I felt as if they were my own. I listened intently as she told me about the last semester of her senior year, the subject that impressed me the most. After graduating from high school early, Megan studied acting at UCLA. I could practically see the nightclubs where she

spent most of her evenings dancing and meeting entertainers such as Axel Rose, the lead singer for the popular rock group Guns and Roses. I also enjoyed looking through her scrapbook and hearing the story behind the pictures that covered each page. A passionate flame lit from behind her icy-gray eyes as Megan told me about the Californian man with long curls of blond hair pictured successively for six pages. But the flame died as painful tears welled her eyes and she explained the unreciprocated love she still had for him. That was the first time I had seen Megan cry.

Continuing to unveil secrets about our lives, I asked Megan about her family. She showed me a picture that sat framed on her dresser. A handsome middle-aged couple stood in front of an enormous house surrounded by a colorful garden. I could hardly believe the couple, dressed neatly in clothes obviously bought in expensive department stores, were Megan's parents. Then she handed me a second picture, this time a young man of about twenty with short brown hair and a medium-sized body sporting preppy clothes.

"My parents and I don't get along," Megan said suddenly in a cold resentful voice. Unsure of what to say, I sat holding her brother's picture.

"They hate me," she continued. "And I really hate that, ya know? I guess that's why I'm like this. But they love my brother; you probably would, too."

"No," I said with a forced but believable grin. "He's not my type."

I felt relieved when her angry face softened and a smile melted her tense lips.

I left Megan's room that night with an impression different than the one I first received. Behind her outward image of loud intimidation, I had discovered an image much like my own, composed of quiet insecurities and dreams. Hidden beyond the hard walls of a protective shell, I had found a unique pearl; I had found Megan.

by Karen Rives



P H A N T O M S

*The haunted house is eerily lit
by champagne moonlight,
casting spooky shadows in my path.
Slowly I walk up the steps, not wanting
to impose on any inhabitants.
The ancient door screeches open, then
clatters against the house.
The scream in my throat dies to a short
gurgle as I realize that only the wind
was the noisy culprit.
Glancing around, I wonder what ghouls and
goblins live here.
Stealthily I slip through rooms, trying to
ignore creaks that make me cringe.
I whirl around, start backing
away.
Suddenly I'm embraced by ghostly limbs!
Frantically I flail my arms, struggling
and shrieking.
Fighting in frenzied fear,
I try desperately to escape from
the gruesome grasp of --
the curtains!*

by Cheryl Ellis



SENTINELS

by Carolyn Shankle

FOREVER

We always thought our record would
 Turn smoothly;
 In harmony
 On the right speed
 Our music would play forever.
 Dance and sing
 To our melody which once rang
 Joy
 That would last forever.
 The tune coupled by our name
 Symbolizing our love
 And future

CLIPPING, SPINNING,
 ROTATING, SNIPPING
 With a skip of a note
 Or a SCRATCH

I suppose this record was switched
 To a slower speed,
 Hardly moving, barely communicating.
 Then
 Cut
 Off
 Forever.

by Becky Wells

MORNING IS BROKEN

Padding on slippered feet
 she silently shuffled to the kitchen
Bidding sunrise to her bay window.

Mesmerized, she stood gazing into
 snow-dotted darkness-
In the early morning she became
 Victim to the past...

"That cold, white stuff"
 he called it--
Such a southerner.
"Darn snow, traps me indoors"
 he used to say.

She tried to show him
A dogwood bud, cloaked in a silvery coat
Squirrels scuttering in heavy, ice-laden limbs
Children with rosy cheeks and full, round lips
 pressing handfuls of snow to their mouths.

Full with memory
Her eyes fluttered shut...

Hollowed by reality
She opened her eyes and focused on the
 grey, weathered stone,
 carefully etched
Anchored in the frozen ground
Beneath their favorite oak.

Memories drew his profile in the limbs
Urging her forward with a grin
The wind whipped it away-

She shuddered as snowflakes
Hit the stone and melted,
Sliding painfully to the earth like
 monstrous tears.

In the early morning as the sun rose
She released the past;

With hope pouring from her eyes
she turned-
And padded cautiously into the future...

by Molly Conkey



F L E E T I N G

*Spied a squirrel on the brick
walkway, breathing quickly
with fur prickled, paws scitter
slip, click, scramble, spring-
swallowed by a mass of monkey grass
that quivers green 'til I pass*

by Carolyn Shankle

*ADMIRAL EDWARD W. CARTER, III:
THE TOUGHEST MAN I EVER LOVED*

I have read somewhere that "ten years from now the person you have become is determined by the books you read and the people you meet". If this is true I owe much of what I am now to Admiral Edward W. Carter, III, the toughest man I've ever loved.

The day I checked aboard Commander, Operational Test and Evaluation Force, I was ushered into Admiral Carter's office and found myself staring at a rugged, steely-eyed, stern-looking man. Behind him, a large poster of an equally stern-looking bull dog with the double stars of a rear admiral on his neck and a caption that read, "Try Me" provided an unspoken message that he was determined and unwavering. Yet the collection of family photographs depicting six smiling daughters revealed, in striking contrast, his gentleness and sensitivity. As he briefly welcomed me to the command, and asked about my long-range goals, although I was sitting in the office of one of the most powerful men in the Navy, his direct, no-nonsense manner made me feel comfortable. I knew that he could be trusted to say exactly what he felt - no games.

During the ensuing six weeks I found that the Admiral was both rigid and flexible; insisting on strict adherence to most naval regulations while bending those he felt impeded progress. Before taking over command at OpTEvFor, he was the Navy's Inspector General, and in this capacity he uncovered more instances of fraud and frivolous spending than the three previous administrations combined. He set up the Fraud, Waste, and Abuse Hotline, still used Navy-wide, through which future instances may be reported and investigated. However, he frequently overlooked other established procedures such as the practice of assigning top positions within the command to higher ranking personnel. He simply put people where he felt they could be the most productive. It was because of this policy that I was assigned as Office Supervisor of the Administrative Office despite the fact that I was its most junior member. This practice is so unorthodox I believe that ComOpTEvFor was the only command in the entire Defense Department to ever have lower ranking personnel in positions over their seniors.

Although I admired the confidence with which he initiated his own policies over those that were historically prominent, his unflagging integrity is the quality I most admire in him. During the second year of his tour as our Commander we were assigned by the Senate to test and evaluate a prototype aircraft in which the Department of the Navy had already invested several million dollars. During the testing operations our Air Warfare Department found that the systems within the aircraft failed to function properly during inclement weather. Upon hearing of these problems, the Secretary of the Navy and the Chief of Naval Operations instructed Admiral Carter to testify that the aircraft met all requirements. This, of course, was an attempt to save the Navy's top executives the embarrassment of admitting to Congress that they had purchased another worthless piece of

equipment. SECNAV made it very clear to the Admiral that if he went along with this plan he would be given his third star, while if he didn't he would be forced to retire. The Navy had been an agonizing choice, I watched him calmly report to the Senate Subcommittee on Arms and Weapons Systems that the aircraft had potential but needed extensive modification before he could declare it operationally sound.

I feel very fortunate to have had a role model with his strength, fierce independence, and solid conviction. He taught me that in measuring success, who you are is as important as what you achieve. In this political world of compromise, it is imperative to establish unyielding boundaries and remain true to your own principles.

Admiral Carter retired the next summer and currently holds an advisory position at the National Security Agency. I hope he has never regretted his decision, for his example has been a source of strength for all who really know him. It would be impossible to measure the full impact of not only his military achievements but his personal example as well.

by Cheryl Everette



IF YOU WERE IF IN MY SHOES

by Kelly Sheppard



REVELATION

*I boldly proclaimed
my love for you,
In permanent ink
on the toe of my shoe.
I finally discovered as time went on,
the ink remained but the feeling was gone.*

by Gina Tozzi

THE DRUM OF DEATH

Can you still hear the drums?

Can you still see the barbed wire?

The wire that imprisoned not only our bodies, but our minds.

Can you still hear the screams?

Can you still remember the stench of burning flesh?

The smell that stayed in our hair, and on our clothes and was even tasted in our food.

Can you still see the guards in their scratchy grey uniforms?

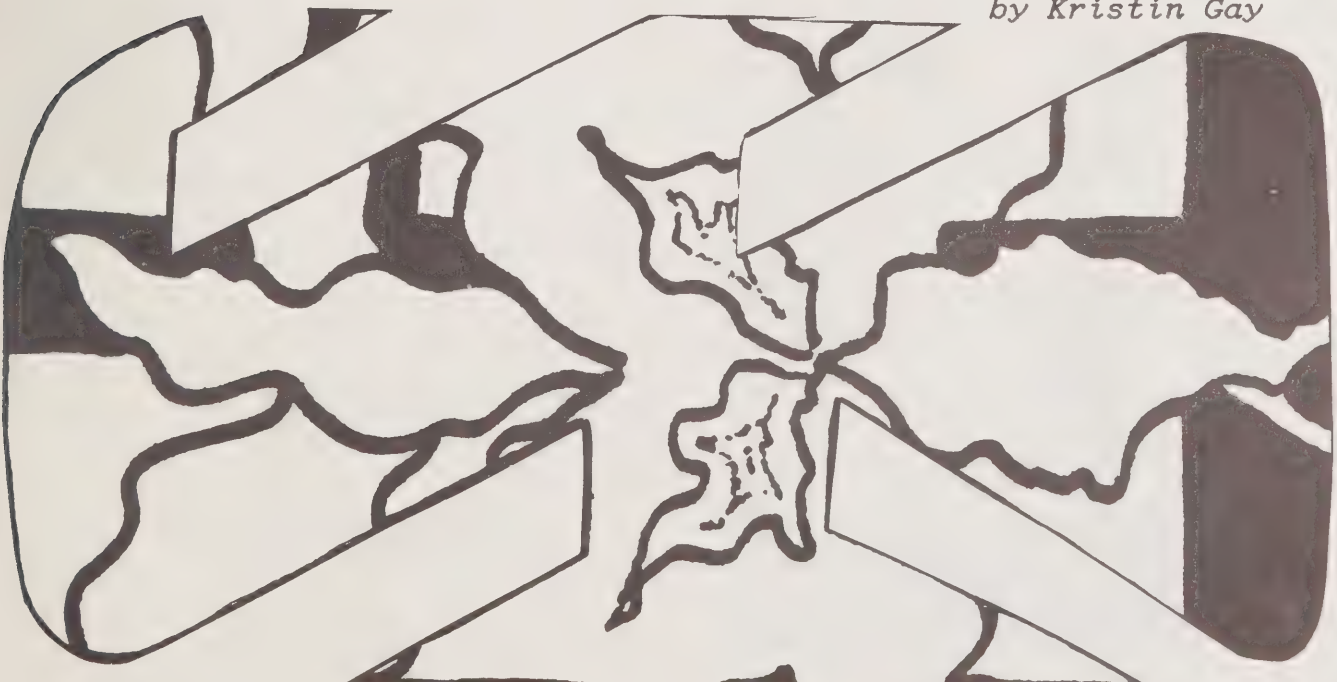
Can you still feel the sting of the horsewhip on sweltering flesh?

The whip that curled around and tore limbs from innocent, screeching children.

Can you remember it all?, but most of all do you too wake to the sound of the drums calling you to the showers?

Can you still hear the drums?

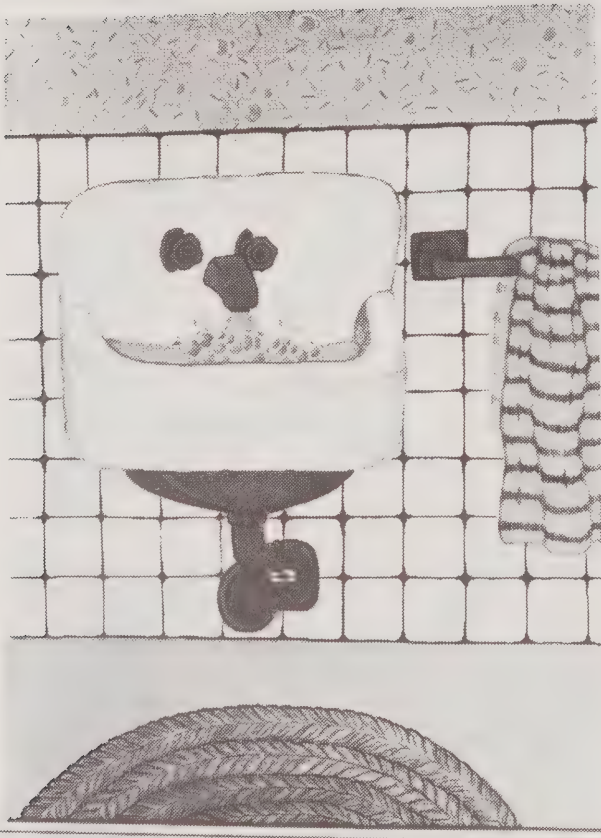
by Kristin Gay



SHRIMP BOAT SUNSET

*Copper sky fades to grey,
outlining spider web silhouettes
of clanky pulleys and sinewy lines.
Nets sway like huge hammocks
tempting the sky
to come down for a swing.
Stubbled water stumbles along
stirred by wispy gasoline stained breezes.
Coastal coolness creeps in
and nighttime tags along.
Luminous porthole light
bursts golden against the blackness,
then
blinks out.*

by Gina Tozzi



LET IT SINK IN

by Ginger Lancaster

I JUST CAN'T SAY GOODBYE

*I can't stand still
but I can't move on;
I guess I just can't say goodbye.
Memories live forever
even though you're gone;
we can't turn back the hands of time.*

*There are no answers
to the question why;
there was never time to count the cost.
I still see you
when I close my eyes,
but with everything that's gained, something's lost.*

*And where are you now?
Are you the eagle's wind across the sky,
the melody of a child's lullaby-
the sunlight making flowers smile?
I feel you here with me
every time I close my eyes;
You're everything I feel inside-
I just can't say goodbye...*

*We shared our dreams
and grew up along the way;
please tell me it's a dream that you're really gone.
Can you hear me now?
Can you hear the music play?
You'll be my never-ending song.*

*But where are you now?
are you the eagle's wind across the sky,
the melody of a child's lullaby-
the sunlight making flowers smile?
I feel you here with me
every time I close my eyes;
You're everything I feel inside-
I just can't say goodbye...*

by Karen Rives

U N D E R P R I V I L E G E D

*For in much wisdom is much vexation,
and he who increases knowledge increases
sorrow.*

-Ecclesiastes 1:18

The "Teens for Christ" Club at my high school, Sylva-Webster, sponsored a needy family last Easter. As president of our fifty-member organization, I was responsible for making certain that plenty of food, Easter candy, toys, and needed items were gathered to take to the anonymous family that Social Services had recommended to our club. This family consisted of a single, unemployed twenty-three-year-old mother of two children, three-year-old Heather and thirteen-month Thomas. Social worker Anne Cabe described to us items the family needed such as a crib and diapers for Thomas and panties, shoes, and clothes for Heather. Soon all the needed items and boxes of goodies were loaded in my Toyota Corona and ready to be delivered. Driving to the destination set forth in Mrs. Cabe's instructions, I wondered what I would find. Would the children look just like the little kids in my neighborhood? Or would they look like the poster children for world hunger projects? My questions were soon answered. In a ten minute drive from my school I found two children whose conditions of living opened my eyes to the world of underprivileged children.

Catching first glimpses of the hovel that I was about to visit, my heart shuddered at the thought of raising children in such a deplorable environment. The weathered brown and yellow trailer sat unevenly on the field of red clay dirt. Missing the door and several windows, the trailer looked unfit for animals to live in. Sitting in the car for a moment of thinking, I remembered the conversation I had with Anne Cabe the night before. "You are going to be shocked, Jan. You will wonder why it is so dirty and filthy. But, most of all, you are going to feel sorry for Heather and Thomas." Well, if the looks of the trailer were to be any hint, she was going to be right.

Just as I started to unload the car, I saw blonde-headed Heather appear in the doorway. With her barefeet, tangled hair and dirty clothes and body, she peered blankly at the box I carried toward her. Moments later, sitting on the rotten floor, Heather gawked at the chocolate Easter candy, tennis shoes, clothes, and toys as if all were layered in twenty-four karat gold. Her chapped lips, covering her blackish-rotten teeth, uttered a pleased, "Look...Look...Look..." Then her little blue eyes met mine with a look that asked, "Do I really get to keep all this stuff?" I couldn't believe how overwhelmed Heather was by the gifts our club had donated. I began to wonder if she had ever had chocolate candy, jogging suits, frilly dresses, or Wonder-Woman panties before in her life.

Then, breaking my thought, the young mother offered to help carry the remainder of the gifts into the trailer. She was about five feet tall and extremely overweight. Her hair was greasy and

unkempt. She spoke very few words to me as we brought in the groceries and the gifts for Thomas, who was sitting in the floor of the almost furnitureless living room. He was playing with three pieces of pickled okra and making quite a mess. I carried his gifts to him, but they did not seem to amuse the child as much as the okra. He smelled from several feet away. The odor resembled that of stale urine. His crib would be delivered soon; then, at least, he will have a better place to sleep. But why was his diaper not changed? Why was he so dirty and smelly? Did this woman not care for her own children?

This situation was just more than I could bear. As I started to leave, I took a few final glances at Heather and Thomas. And at this point I began to realize that underprivileged does not apply to being the middle child, not getting the Atari you wanted last Christmas, or not having Levi jeans like your other friends. Underprivileged applies to Heather and Thomas, who remained in my thoughts and prayers long after my visit. When I think about these two, I get so sad. Sometimes I wish I had never seen them; ignorance is bliss.

by Jan Cowan



SKULL STUDY

by Tracey Tayloe

GRANDDADDY'S GIFT

Little girl me
on Blythe Island.
Weaned on cherry icees
from the Zip-Mart
down the street.
Spoon-fed
chocolate ice cream
in your
peeling black La-Z-Boy.
Begging to ride
in back of your
battered blue pick-up,
its paint crackling
in the tickling wind,
as we sped through
the clean marsh air.
My tiny hands clutched
rusty metal
as we passed
lying marsh grass
that told me
you'd be here forever.
I can still see you now
in your yellow work jumper,
your feet plopped
on your desk
packing your pipe.
Yesterday,
I passed a man
on the street
smoking a pipe.
That almost forgotten smell
slapped my senses
But I had to keep moving
as salty marsh-time
memories
stained my face.

by Gina Tozzi



THE JOURNEY

*Innocence travels along his way,
starting at birth and baptism,
and reaching adulthood's impurities
following the path experience has laid.*

*Blind men view with unseeing eyes
the necessity to experience,
but yet are afraid of the challenge,
the new births and patterns it brings.*

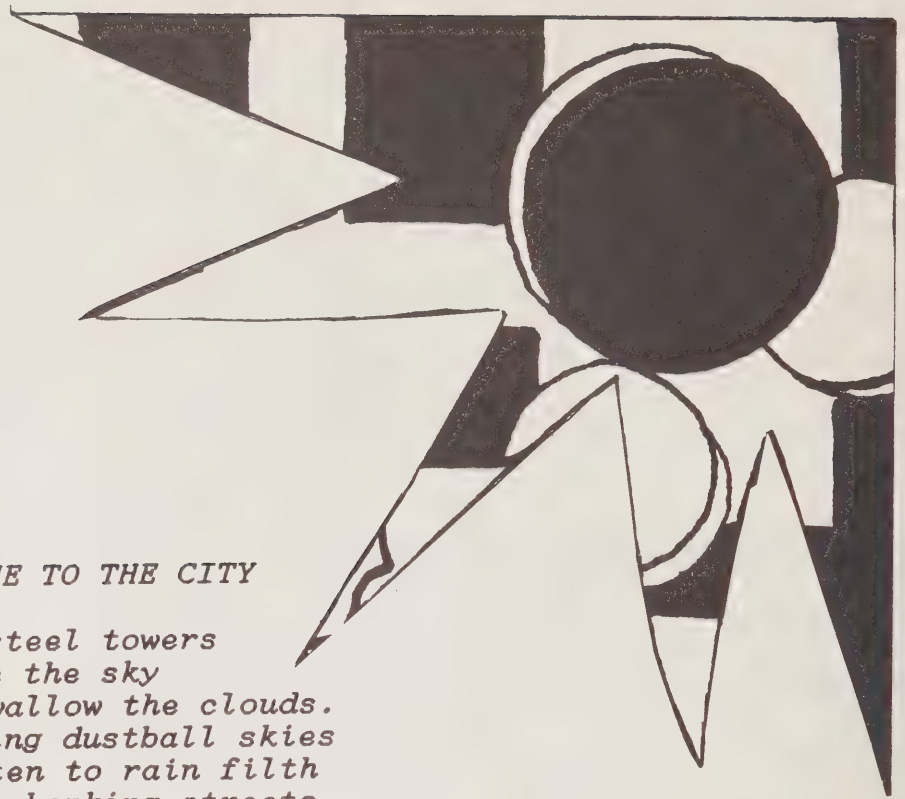
*Innocence like a blind man has misconceptions,
but both quickly learn the lesson,
with hands outstretched to education,
with souls scared of the risk.*

*Youth is the blessing on a child,
unspoiled by any earthly evil;
Vision blocked by rose colored glasses,
hopelessness masked by ambition.*

*Mistrust is instinctive to the blind,
knowledge is the curse of age.
Who else but innocence is compassionate to the blind?
Who else but experience teaches?*

by Sonja Eubanks





WELCOME TO THE CITY

Cold steel towers
impale the sky
and swallow the clouds.
Dangling dustball skies
threaten to rain filth
on the honking streets,
Forsaken fragments
clutter sunless alleys
waiting for removal
on Tuesdays and Thursdays.
The mob bustles
like disoriented ants-
Functioning upon reflex,
dragging to work
the leftovers of their lives.
Stumbling through
the human labyrinth,
I spot
The New York Times
with its cheerful headline
"Outlook Great for '89"
sheltering one old woman
from the cold.
Chilled by more than winter,
I gaze into her eyes,
gone gray like
a dying dream.
Rolling over,
she tucks herself
into the sewer drain.
Good night, street angel
Sleep well.

by Gina Tozzi

RIVER RUNS DEEP

Mountains erode.
Pebbles remain.
A little boy with
peach hair
and hollow blue eyes
and an orange baseball cap
kicks pebbles
into the water
which will evaporate
and doesn't care
that the little boy
with curly black hair
and deep brown eyes
and a straw hat
stares at him from the
other
side
of the water
and doesn't know
that more than water
separates
the
two.
They don't see the reality
(takes an older man's eyes)
it doesn't evaporate
needs more than
the
sun
which
shines
on both
sides of the water.

by Ashley K. Butler



WAR MONUMENT

*Frozen in bronzed terror,
Sentinels of the darkness
Search the sky for the silent aircraft.
Weapons rest, molded to
Dull metallic fingers
Which will never pull the trigger.
Fog moves in,
Entombing the deadened branches
Of the Capital green,
Then falls
In tiny droplets to soak the tired faces.
Forever staring,
Forever frightened,
The two grip the slowly slipping comrade.
They never quite let go.
On the edge of the darkness
He will wait evermore
For the planes.
For the shots.
For the end.
Moonlight glints silently upon
The poised defenders.*

by Carolyn Washer

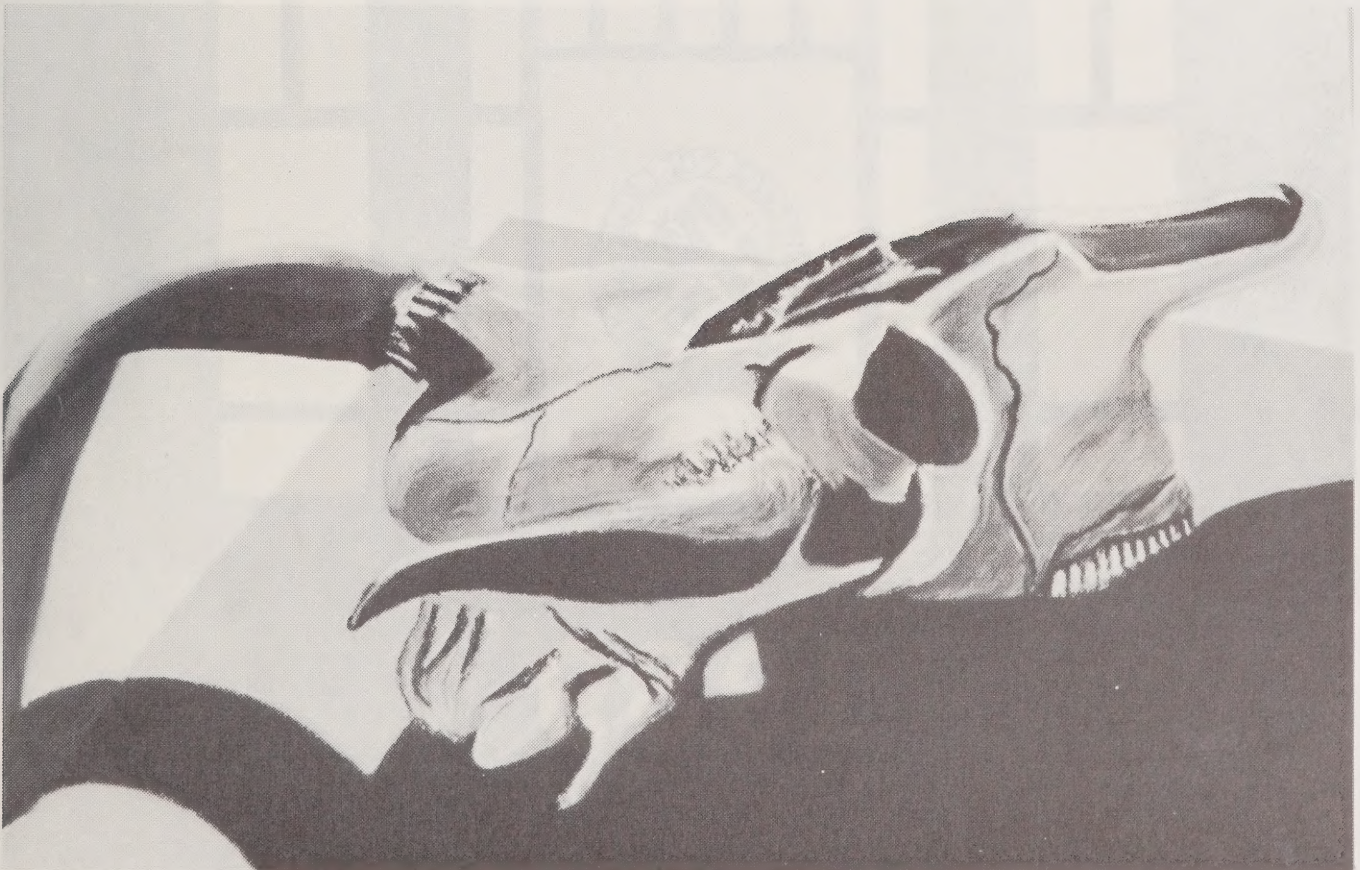
TO LOVE IS TO BURY

Lowered gently
-careful-
safety straps
can slip
through
sweaty palms

-steady-
our hand-crafted
creation
encases tender
limbs
lying stone-still
on satiny sheets.

-protected-
safely stored
beneath shoveled
soil,
six feet
under.

by Laura Barnes



SKULL STUDY

by Meredith Swing

Prism



1989

